

Lost Love

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Summary: I was left alone in a dark world. She meant everything and now she was gone without a word.

## 1. Chapter 1

Lost love.

Author's note: I decided to write a fan fiction while listening to the song lonely lullaby, by Owl city. It has an impactful message that I feel I converted it fairly well. I hope that you enjoy the story and pleased read and review others.

The tears streamed down my cheeks as she left. A girl so perfect and yet here she was leaving and she wouldn't even tell me why. She was the most perfect angel in the entire world and now she was leaving. The darkness seemed to be over-powering as she got aboard the bus and left me alone in the middle of the city.

You're probably wondering who I am. I just graduated college and my girlfriend and I were taking the year off to decide what we wanted to do with our lives. It only happened just in the past week. She began acting weird now that I look back. She had only just celebrated her nineteenth birthday. Her mannerisms changed and she started acting paranoid. That didn't make a difference to me I loved her all the same, and yet it was breaking us apart.

There was nothing I could do, after all, I had no idea what was going on. Had I known anything than perhaps this story might not have happened, or perhaps it would have happened in an entirely different way. I could never forget this beautiful young lady who had made me so happy. Perhaps it was my looks, I thought. I dismissed that thought quickly I mean I was very handsome, and we had been dating for two years.

I remember when we first started dating I was shy and asked her what would make me look better for her. She replied "There is nothing I

would rather look at than the way you look now. Now perhaps she was lying I mean I might have been handsome, but I wasn't any kind of model here.

I have short brown hair that I like to keep nicely combed and a slight build, not exactly small, but not too large either. I think the thing I remember most is that she said she loved my eyes. "You have the most beautiful brown eyes." She would tell me on almost every occasion. Now I know that you're thinking you are just a normal dude how could you find yourself a good girlfriend.

I was thinking the same thing. I mean she's a beautiful and extremely talented girl. Her long brown hair flowing over her face and her freckles spotted her face. I've never seen anything more beautiful. She said she thought I had the most beautiful brown eyes. She had the most gorgeous brown eyes ever. Her lips were so soft and her gaze made you melt. You can see why it's so hard for me.

It was like a horrible nightmare that had just come true. The love of your life has left you and the emotions start raining down. The flood of sadness and depressed feelings nearly got me too, however they did do one thing right. In the middle of my depression when my emotions got the better of me I signed up to be an ODST. Hell, in my state how was I supposed to know that meant Orbital Drop Shock Trooper. Seriously, acronyms can get really confusing.

This decision nearly cost me my life several times, but in the end it really brought me back to life. Little did I know where this adventure was going to take me, but by the time training rolled around I was ready to go. I needed a new passion a new love to keep me going. I found on the ride to the training camp that this course really wasn't any easy one. That meant nothing to me. I'd always given a hundred percent.

Now they tell you a lot about training, the camaraderie, and the brotherhood. That's all true I met a few of my best buds in training, we hang out all the time, those of us who are left anyway. The most important thing to me though is the training we endured for example we had to edit by outside source AI,&?§ 1993 Now I know what you're thinking. That training program sucks. You have a lot of work to do and they want you shipped out in a month.

Well it turns out that was the least of my problems. My immediate deployment landed me on some distant moon in the middle nowhere. In fact I don't think our CO even knew why we were there. For several days it was a fun time nothing to do, but hang out and mess around. On around the seventh day everything came undone.

I was patrolling the eastern sector of the mining colony we were protecting when they hit us. I to this day believe they were just waiting for us to relax. They knew we were fresh off the press and they wanted to hit us where it counted. I'm also fairly certain that's what command wanted too.

I was just checking the eastern sector when the main gate exploded. It sent a shockwave through the whole base as insurrectionists poured in through the gaping hole. I watched them as they maneuvered around my friends' flank as though they knew no one would be over here. In fact I hadn't expected to I just wanted to take a walk so I told the CO I was going to patrol the east. Unfortunately for the

Insurrectionists they had their backs turned and had no idea I was there.

I took up a position onto of a hill just south of their position. I had never shot anyone before and I wasn't too happy about the fact that I might have to now, but I had to help my friends I picked targets that would be hardest for my guys to take out, specifically the one with the rocket launcher hiding behind a crate. The crazy rebel went to go around the crate and I shot him in the lower left leg, forgetting to apply for the drop. It worked though; the crazy innie fell over and fired the rocket into a group of his teammates. Several of the enemy soldiers were hit and began to retreat. I didn't let them leave without any consequences. I got one in the chest as he turned to look behind him and another through the back of his head as he sprinted to the hole.

The soldiers that were distracting our guys noticed that their flanking maneuver had failed and retreated from the heavy fire of a now fully alert base of ODSTs. The Innies that made it out of the base weren't as lucky as they had hoped, as an armed convoy came rolling in and took out any remaining soldiers. The convoy rolled up to the front of the base and stopped short of the HQ.

Our CO walked out in front of the vehicle still covered in sweat from the intensity of the battle. A full contingent of marines hopped out of their warthogs and stood in rank while the colonel stepped out of the armored car. He walked over to the Co and shook his hand.

"Lieutenant I'm glad to see that you are all alive we were rolling out to reinforce you since Intel came in that the Innies were going to attack this base."

Man if that didn't make me suspicious as hell. Why didn't they call to give us a heads up that there might be an attack coming? I mean the nearest base on this rock is over a hundred miles away. I was sure there was an ulterior motive, but I couldn't think of what it was until several other soldiers got out of the armored car. They were what you would think of as typical soldiers except that they looked more like knights than marines.

These soldiers had this strange armor that made me quite uneasy. These soldiers looked like they could take out any one at any time.

"Lieutenant I had expected this to be the first encounter that these soldiers would get to have on an actual combat zone. I'm glad that you guys made it out without any casualties though. I think that we should conduct a combat exercise. The new Spartans, versus your entire platoon."

"Are you sure Colonel? I mean we've got some of the best soldier fresh out of training, but I don't know that the five of these Spartans can take them."

"Well then you won't mind accepting my challenge. If my Spartans win then you guys will have to clean this base so much that I can see my reflection in the floor. If your guys win, then you get R&R for the next whole month."

"Do it lieutenant. There are only five of them." One of the privates called out. The lieutenant hesitated, he knew something was amiss,

but he couldn't pinpoint it. "Come on, do it.

"I guess that we take your offer Colonel."

"That was a really poor mistake. You're the officer lieutenant; you should know to listen to your own thoughts first." The colonel laid out the ground rules. The Spartans were going to try and take a flag that we had in the control room and take it out of the base. If at any time either team was out of members they would be forced to forfeit. The simulation used special ammunition that immobilized you until the simulation was over. A very fancy war game if you ask me.

The lieutenant had us positioned outside to patrol and make sure none of the Spartans made it into the base. I knew I should have told him that we need cover and to be within eyesight of each other, but he was in charge. I was told to watch the hole that the insurrectionists made, but I was pretty sure they knew better than that. One of our guys was positioned on the wall to provide preemptive warning if they were coming. He was shot as the game started.

I decided on a whim that I was going to pretend to be medic and so I ran over to him and dragged him back to the HQ. While I put him in the HQ the rest of my team I was supposed to be with was entirely wrecked. The entire five man squad was done in less than five seconds. I walked out to view the carnage. The Spartans were moving in formation toward the HQ with the utmost focus. I radioed the lieutenant and told him their position before I took a shot at one of them. It struck him in the shin. Not a kill shot, but for the purpose of the game he was out.

Unfortunately for me that meant that they knew where I was. I immediately ducked into the doorway and barely avoided the bullets that struck the metal door. I got into a closet and shut the door leaving my friend alone in the HQ. I could hear the Spartans as they entered the building. They made sure that no one was in the room before they entered. When they had determined that there were no threats they started to make a plan. Their leader started to tell them where they needed to go. He ordered S-121 and S-143 to the roof to provide over watch while he and S-169 would raid the Control station and steal the flag.

They left and headed their separate ways. One group going to the roof, the other headed up the stairs to the control room. Now being my curious and claustrophobic self I decided to carefully exit the closet. As soon as the door opened I heard a shot and thought they got me already, but it was just fighting that had started upstairs as the Spartans encountered the prepared ODSTs.

I moved up the stairs as the fighting continued. The shots were coming from both sides and I was pretty sure our guys hadn't gotten a hit yet. Finally one of our guys yelled I got him and I heard one of the Spartans hit the ground. That man was silenced immediately by the remaining one, who calls the ones on the roof for back up. Now I don't know how it happened, but I happened to be on the staircase landing when the other Spartans break through the windows straight ahead and start firing on my friends. Now maybe it was just luck or happenstance, but they didn't notice me directly to their right

I walked up the stairs and unload two quick bursts on the Spartans

who broke through the windows. They fell immobilized to the floor and I ascended the stairs directly behind the last Spartan. I unfortunately found that I was also the last ODST left as this leader had managed to take out the rest of my company. Now maybe it was a horrible coincidence or just fate but for some reason the Spartans gun was empty. I raise my rifle to finish him off, but it's just like a military grade rifle to fail at the perfect time. My trigger clicked as the gun jammed.

Now both our weapons don't work and he's go the flag, so I do the only thing that comes to my mind. I run and tackle the big 6'5" suit of armor. Now it hurt like hell, but I took this tank down hard I grabbed the flag and started fighting this beast of a human for control of this piece of felt. Now I know it looked dumb, but I wanted to make sure they didn't have the satisfaction of getting the objective so I rolled onto the Spartans arm and wrenched the flag from his hand. I ran as fast as I could and threw the thing in the incinerator.

I know what you were thinking. You are such a cheater. I tend to think of it as abstract thinking/strategy. Now this Spartan had already caught up to me and threw me to the ground trying to stop me from doing what I did. This specific Spartan amused me because he just cared about the objective and now I made for all intents and purposes fail his main objective. Unfortunately, the secondary objective was just as easy to complete. The Spartan tosses me to the ground and goes to grab a weapon from one of my "dead" teammates.

Now I guarantee you I don't practice this and I'm not really that cool, but I was out of options. The Spartan picked up an assault rifle and was spinning around to shoot me when I noticed a pistol on the ground. I don't know how or why I attempted this maneuver, but I kicked the pistol into the wall and it hit at a funny angle and bounces straight into my hand which I shot at the Spartan. Now the world is a very cruel place indeed, because as my bullet struck the beast it fired off a burst of shell which of course covered my chest.

I hit the floor like brick; in fact many guys still say when I hit the ground the entire building shook. Now I know it was a draw, technically, but I also knew that there was an outrageous amount of luck and positioning that went into out draw. The Spartans had proven they could in fact take on a base of highly trained troops and obliterate the base. Now had we not already known they were coming things might have been different, but that's not what happened. As I pondered the scenario in which these event unfolded. The Colonel walked in.

He walked over the immobilized, soldiers straight to where I lay motionless. He did some kind of unlocking thing and told me to follow him. The marines would attend to everyone else. I followed the Colonel out to his car where he stopped. I stood at attention as he pulled out a cigar. "At ease soldier, I'm not that formal. I am very picky about who I have on my team though. Perhaps what you did could be classified as cheating or bending the rules, but I see it as you trying to keep them from obtaining their objective at any cost. With the state of the UNSC today, we are going to need more soldiers like you, especially as officers. So I come to you with a proposition. Either stay here with your team and enjoy this hell hole or you can

come back with me and the Spartans and train as an officer back on Reach. In fact I'll even let you bring some your ODST buddies to be on your squad. So what's your choice?"

Now up until this point I hadn't even once considered the idea of becoming an officer, in fact I barely thought about joining the ODSTs. I thought about it for all of a minute before I was sure. "You win Colonel; I'll come back with you. Just let me grab my stuff and my friends."

"Don't worry too much about it lad, we'll still be here a couple of days if you change your mind." The colonel shook my hand and got in his car and headed off to the residence they had assigned him. I walked back into the HQ to check up on my team. The marines were still bringing everyone back up to speed. The Spartans had already been revived and were moving into the barracks. They had packed light so it was easy for them to move in.

I watched the Spartans, unsure of what they were capable of. I knew about the Spartan program sure, but I had never seen one in real life. I thought the Spartan IIs were bigger than this. I assumed that they were a new version of the Spartan IIs but they seemed to be different. I guess it was just the way they were trained or something. After all I only heard a little bit about them. It was during the time after my girlfriend left so I wasn't caring about some military program.

It's been more than a year since then. These past few months have been good to me. They helped me get over the fact that she left with barely a good-bye. Now I'm moving on there's a lot for me with the UNSC so I hope I can find a way to learn to live again. That's why I'm going with the Colonel. I'm going to make a future.

We all met at the mess hall that night for dinner. The Spartans were off doing some other mission so it was just us ODSTs. We got together for a game of basketball afterward. When we got back the colonel was waiting for us.

"So who's coming with you private?"

"I don't know I thought we had a couple of days"

"We did, but the Innies are hitting some of the planets hard and we need men in there. So who's coming or are you going alone."

I turned around and asked my friends if they were interested. Jim and Terence were the only ones who opted in. The others said that they were going to stay with their original deployment. I thanked the others and we hugged before I turned back to the colonel. "My men are ready sir."

"Good. I need you at the space port in thirty. I'd get your stuff around quick if I were you."

The Spartans watched us from the car as the colonel saluted and left us in front of the barracks. Jim, Terrence and I sprinted from the front door to our rooms and just threw all of our possessions into our bags and ran to the vehicle depot. We asked if we could take one of the warthogs and the soldier said there weren't any ops running so we couldn't.

Now Terrence isn't a very patient man, and he is very intimidating. Terrence is one of the few black men in our squad, but man if he wasn't huge. He's a large 6'8" 260 lb monster and he wasn't going to walk the five miles to the spaceport. Did I mention he was ripped too? He lifted the soldier up by his fatigues with one hand and asked him again if we could use a car. This time the soldier was slightly more lenient. I hoped in the driver's seat, Terrence sat up front and Jim sat in the back.

Now Jim wasn't Terrence's size, but he made up for it in intelligence. Not to say Terrence was dumb. Terrence was a valedictorian, but Jim was like a super-genius. That kid could build weapons out of just about anything. He could assemble a sniper with just some PVC. He could get you into anywhere you need, and he had the unnatural ability to detect enemy soldiers. If they weren't Spartans he knew where they were at.

It wasn't a long trip by any means, but it felt like forever. The anticipation was overwhelming. I was looking at the road but my mind was in other places as we sped down the highway. I was only snapped out of my daydreaming once we almost rear-ended a car that stopped in the road. I made sure to drive a little bit more carefully the rest of the way home. Now I wasn't exactly sure where the spaceport was, but we managed to make it alright.

It took all of two minutes for us to remove our stuff from the vehicle and make it through the security check point. In the hangar was a lone pelican. The last transport to orbit that day and it was a private flight. We threw everything onto the pelican and hoped in, joining the colonel and the Spartans. We took our seats toward the very end waited for the aircraft to take off.

I'm not one to normally have it quiet when I'm somewhere so I tried to strike up a conversation with the Spartans. "So are you guys from around here?"

"Son if you want to live very long you'll stop asking questions about classified material. The Spartans are really touchy about people trying to access that type of information, and when I say touchy, I mean they'll kill you."

"Never mind Spartan guys." I really hoped none of them decided to kill me, after all I knew they could. "I guess you can all hear where I'm from though. I came from a small planet in the Gamma system. They called it Lyrin II. It wasn't the biggest place in the galaxy, but at least you got to know everybody."

"Son you are treading pretty dangerous water here. If I were you I'd just shut up. Another thing you should know, two of them are women." The colonel pointed to the leader and one of the ones who had provided over watch from the roof.

"Point taken sir. Perhaps.."

"NO."

"Yes sir." I was kind of sad to hear that no one was fond of talking, but I guess that was a Spartan thing. I spent most of my time arguing with Terrence and Jim over which team was going to win the football

finals this year. I was very much in favor of Earth, for two reasons. One, they started the sport, and two they were very aggressive when it came to any type of sport.

"Yeah that may be true, but we all know that Reach has the most money of any team. They just buy out all the good players from Earth and have them move to Reach. Earth has a better chance of being hit by a meteor than winning this year's football championship."

For the first time in the entire flight one of the Spartans spoke up. It was S-169. "Reach may be able to buy out all the best players, but Earth has something that none of the teams in the league have. They've got team chemistry and I guarantee you they beat Reach 5-1."

"Told you so." I reached over and gave the Spartan a high five. Such was the beginning of the only friendship every found between Spartans and ODSTs. I found out later that most ODSTs couldn't stand Spartans because they were too proud. I found that if you lose your pride you gain more than enough back in friends to outweigh the loss. Eventually we reached a point where everyone on the flight was in on the conversation.

"No, there is no way that you can build a bomb using just the things in your back pack." The Spartans were very skeptical of Jim's creativity. That's what made him such a valuable asset.

"Now if you take this piece of plastic and UNSC Public Protection Directive 143AG9 This section has been removed as part of an ongoing campaign by the UNSC to protect its people. Thank you. " Jim took the homemade explosive and tossed it out the back of the Pelican. The small package hovered in the air and then fell in the night disappearing into the dark.

"See I toldâ€|"

BANG. The package Jim threw out the back exploded and like an elaborate set of fireworks spelled out. Told you so. Jim, Terrence and I cracked up while the others looked on in amazement.

"All you did was put a bag of tortilla chips in a box and threw it out the back of the pelican."

"Actually the acid inside the box dissolves the package of tortilla chips. The acid also happens to be extremely reactive to flour."  
"

"That's crazy man."

"I know it is. I just put a bunch of fireworks in a tortilla bag when you weren't looking. Then you assumed that it was just tortilla chips and a box."

"Wow. These guys are pretty good about their lying Colonel."

"Good. How else did you expect me to explain to ONI that there test failed?"

"What do you mean test failed?"

"ONI is really strange. They expected the Innies to wipe out your team. Then the Spartans would come in for their first test against the Innies trying to take on a superior enemy, but you stood you're ground. I'd have had you promoted already if I wasn't putting you in the officer program. Putting in extra time and saving you friendlies from enemy attack that's the type of soldier I like to see."

"Thank you sir, but I was just doing my job."

"I know you think that we're kind of putting you on a pedestal for nothing, but the reality is that we need more officers, you just happened to be where I needed you."

"Thanks I guess." I was in the cross between nervousness and excitement as we entered the Colonels ship. The Dawn Treader was a remarkable name for a ship that was always in space. I knew it sounded familiar, but I couldn't remember were from.

"Welcome to my ship, privates. This is the Dawn Treader, named after a ship in a book, by well-known writer C.S. Lewis. I do believe it is one of the oldest in the UNSC fleet too, because they're too busy making back door deals to step up and put money were it needs to go. If it were up to me ONI would be left out to dry, but apparently they have some importance because the guys in charge don't get rid of them.

"You sound like you're very much distrusting of ONI sir."

"The only good thing that ONI ever did any good on was the Spartan II program and that was all Halsey. They barely gave her a budget for a hundred soldiers."

"We'll at least you didn't have to do too much with them on this one."

"Thank goodness for the little things. Spartans if you could show the ODSTs to their quarters I would much appreciate it. I need time to calm down." The colonel ordered as he lit up another one of his cigars."

"The colonel is a good guy he just has times where he feels overwhelmed at that point it's best to avoid him." The Spartan leader told me. We walked down the longest hallway I had ever seen in my entire life. We of course happened to be the ones on the very end.  
"If you need anything we're three doors down."

"Thanks" I shook the Spartans huge hand before shoving our way into the room. It was small, which was to be expected in a military vessel. There were two bunk beds and a nightstand in the middle. I of course took the bottom bed closest to the door, while the other two took the bed on the other side.

The trip took a lot shorter than I expected. It had only been a couple of days and I felt the ship exit slipspace. I got my stuff ready and walked with my team down the long hallway back to the hangar. When we arrive I learned why the trip was so short. We weren't going to Reach. That's why we left early. The Spartans were given a mission in a classified quadrant between Reach and the Outer Colonies.

This specific planet had an Innies general hiding in it and command wanted them flushed out. Normally I'm not too voluntary on going into hot zones, but I figured the Spartans might need some back up. Jim, Terrence and I would hold the extraction zone while the Spartans moved in and secured the enemy general, if everything went to plan we would get in and out without a shot being fired, but nothing ever goes to plan.

We went down with the Spartans in a Pelican. We would get dropped off just to the North of the quiet country town where the general was hiding. The Pelican would leave and we'd split up. The ODSTs heading to the local airport and would secure it from enemy combatants. The Spartans would grab the general from his safe house in the center of town. It was going great until we got hit by a rocket on the descent. I remember the Pelican going into a tailspin before we hit the ground and then black.

I woke up I don't know how much later in a serious amount of pain as my foot was twisted the wrong way. I hoped it was just badly sprained. Then I heard gunfire outside and the Spartans fighting off insurrectionists coming from the north. As I crawled to the exit of the pelican I saw one of them moving around their flank. I pulled out my side arm and shot the man in the head. One of the Spartans turn around to see me lying there.

"Hey the other ODST is alive. Covering fire!" The Spartan ran over and helped me to my feet and helped me over to behind their temporary cover. I shot the pistol with my right hand as I draped the other over the Spartan's shoulder. We managed to get behind cover just as the Innies popped over for another sheet of gunfire.

"When are we going to get help?" I asked surprised that we were the only ones on the ground.

"This op was off the records. Command can't send anyone in unless civilians are in the crossfire. We're on our own in this one."

"They definitely wanted to test you." I managed to get to a crouch, but my ankle hurt like hell. I popped over the barricade and shot one of the bastards in the face, but there were always two more to take his place. Then I thought of an idea. "Spartan. Do you think that just two of you can capture the general?"

"Of course, but there's a lot of gun fire for us to just sneak away." I just pointed at the half buried man-hole. The Spartan took one look and immediately knew my plan.

"Alright. 143 you're with me. Everyone else hold down this area until we get back." I know what you're thinking right now. They're screwed, with two Spartans gone they have no hope to hold out against the attacking forces. Well quit thinking and just read the damn story.

"Spartan's you see that house over there." I pointed quickly to a brick house just off the side of the road.

"Yeah. We see it. What's your point?"

"I want you to go and hide in that house. And when the time comes I'll radio you with instructions." They both gave quizzical looks,

but listened and headed for the house while we provided covering fire. As soon as they were safe I turned to my ODST buddies. "We're going to go and get in the pelican. On three. Ready? One, two, three. Jim and Terrence sprinted across the gap firing at the soldiers that across the road.

I have no idea whether I just have insane luck or just coincidence, but I fell while I was running, because of my ankle, and several bullets whistled overhead. From where I had fallen I decided it would just be easier to crawl to the pelican. So I crawled over the debris to the pelican which was half embedded in the ground. I rolled into the aircraft and laid still, tired from my efforts.

"Iâ€œ| Need one of â€œ| You guys to use theâ€œ|. turret." I gasped between breathes while directing their attention to the mountable turret just over their heads. They pulled it down and immediately planted it on the end of the pelican. Terrence fed I the ammunition as Jim spun up the turret. It reached its speed and unleashed a flurry of bullets on the enemies brave enough to be out from cover.

I had grabbed a DMR and was covering him while I sat with my back against the chairs. Several times a sniper went to take Jim out and every time I shot first. It was working of=n three hours and I was beginning to fear that the Spartans couldn't complete their mission. As if on cue the Spartans climbed out of the man hole with their new captive. Now it was time to put the final phase of my plan into action. I grabbed a rocket launcher and gave it to Terrence. "I need you to shoot the garage door of the house over there."

The rocket whistled through the air over our friendlies and into the garage door. The rocket exploded demolishing the garage door. I radioed the Spartans. "I need you to..."

"Already on it." The Spartans sped out of the garage at eighty kilometers an hour. They parked behind the Pelican as it was the only piece of cover large enough to protect them. Jim continued to lay down fire as Terrence helped me to the cars waiting behind the Pelican. We helped the Spartans bring their captive before I called Jim.

"Alright, we are leaving. Move." Jim left the turret and ran to the side of the Pelican. We put down a wall of covering fire so that Jim could get safely in the vehicle. We pulled out of the battle zone and down a road that led away from town. The Spartans pushed the cars to over a hundred and twenty kilometers per hour.

"Dawn Treader this is Blue Team Actual all team members accounted for meet at evac zone delta, Over."

"This is Dawn Treader. We hear you Blue. We are sending friendly forces to the evac zone. They'll be there in twenty."

"Shouldn't we secure the evac zone before we get there?"

"We could, but we're not going to meet them at the original evac zone. I pick a secondary location in case something went wrong." We sped along the road watching the fields fly by.

"Hey 169 how'd you get to drive?"

"We'll captain. It's actually because I'm a man. We all know how women drive." The Spartan laughed as he pulled alongside the other vehicle."

"Hey don't you know better than to talk and drive at the same time. It's a distraction." Called 143. I don't know what it was but her voice sounded so familiar. I didn't have long to dwell on the thought. We arrived at the extraction point a minute later and loaded onto a pelican headed back to our frigate.

It was a relatively uneventful flight. Everyone was tired from the battle. It wasn't until we got back to the frigate that anyone said a word. "You know what I'm going to go do? Take a shower."

Yeah, was the group response as the general was escorted from our responsibility. We waited for the colonel who came to talk to us about the mission. He walked into the hangar with and strolled over to us. "Good work Spartans. Helping us to retrieve that General is very important to the war effort. Your accomplishments shall be noted accordingly."

"What about us?" Jim complained.

"You guys were never on the mission roster; you joined at the last minute. Besides in order to please ONI their star accomplishments must be awarded recognition."

"Wait we aren't even on the shipboard roster?" I was suddenly confused.

"Well yeah, you're going to be trained to lead other soldiers we don't want others to know where you're going. The Innies could use that to their advantage."

"Very good point. So does that mean we're headed for Reach now?"

"Yes. We should arrive there in approximately five days. So enjoy your time to rest. Dismissed." We all made our way down the exceedingly long hallway to our room. We threw everything where it needed to go and immediately headed for the showers. When we got to the showers the Spartans were already using them.

"Come on in the waters fine." We were kind of unprepared for that remark as we undressed. Normally I was anything, but self-conscious. It was probably the fact that the lead Spartan was a girl. "Don't worry we don't judge around here." I had to smack Terrence over the head to get him to focus on what he was there for. Then I thought of something. "Where's Spartan 143?" She prefers to take hers on her own time. I guess it's just her thing.

I turned to listen to the Spartan, but she had stopped talking. I was at first transfixed by her smooth legs. Then my eyes traveled slightly higher and I got a good look at the Spartan's sex. I continued up past her navel to her breasts which were perfectly rounded. Then I looked into her face and remembered that I was definitely staring at her. "You like what you see soldier."

"Yes, I mean no, I mean maybe. I don't know. I'm sorry."

"You're lucky she hasn't killed you yet." One of the Spartans told me grimly. I stood quiet for a few seconds before the entire group burst into hysterical laughter. "Just messing with you man. This happens all the time with new recruits. Eventually you get used to it. As long as you don't actually touch her, you're fine.

Now I had to pry my eyes away from the Spartan. It was hard not to be entranced by them; after all they were muscled and well fit. The male Spartans were slightly larger than the females and also were more covered in muscle, whereas the females were toned. I was lead to believe that the females were supposed to be the fast runners while the guys would be like tanks.

My mind tends to wander a lot, but it kept coming back to the Spartan who hadn't taken a shower. I put on my dress uniform and walked down the hallway to the Spartans room. I knocked twice before she responded. She said to come in if I really wanted too. I of course really wanted to visit so I walked in. The first thing I notice was that the room was decorated much like an average room. The second thing I noticed was that the Spartan was out of her armor. The third thing was that she was incredibly beautiful. The fourth thing wasâ€¦

"Kyliegh?" She turned and I was sure it was her. She definitely had some changes about her, but I knew it was her.

"No, way. Get the hell out of here now. I don't want to see you here." She said throwing a giant book at me. I ran out of the room and back to mine.

Author's Note two: Wow bet you didn't see that coming, or maybe you did. We'll see what happens in the next chapter. Please read and review. I always like feedback especially when it comes to writing. I'd also like to point out that this is an M rated romance fiction. So be aware of what might be coming up. I hope you enjoyed the story and I plan to update. Soon.

## 2. Regret and Absolution

### Regret and Absolution

Authors Note: Now that we have seen where our hero is coming from. We must now understand the heroine, and not the drug either. Someone she lost and never hoped to find appeared. This one builds off the last. This one I wrote while listening to Hero by Enrique Iglesias. It is a beautiful song I recommend it. Anyway thank you for reading this story it had actually been a very enjoyable story to write. Please review and tell me how I'm doing. Seriously it's ten seconds of your time. Just put good job, or needs better grammar, or your stories suck quit writing. Anything to know that I'm not just writing these for myself.

There was no way. How could the ODST we picked up be him? There were hundreds of thousands of ODSTS and he was the one we got. This was exactly the problem I was trying to avoid. I knew he'd follow me. I knew it. That's why I left him; so that he could live a normal life. Now he was here with us. A man I had never hoped to see again just keeps showing up. ONI's going to be pissed too. It wasn't that I

meant to leave him or anything, it was just that to go where I had to he couldn't

I mean it was a risk they took. They'd never brought in older teens to use for Spartan programs, but we were an exception. They wanted to see how we operated. Unfortunately as they well knew we already had attachments, which made us difficult for them. They made us break any tie to the past. That meant him. I knew he was going to be the hardest part too. Two of the greatest year of my life we had been dating and not once had we gone through something too difficult to handle.

That's what I loved most and hated to let go of. He was willing to give up everything for just me and now I had to give him up for everyone. He was just too good at finding me. One night I was out on a walk in the forest near our town, middle of the day nothing extra special, but I got lost in the sea of trees. I didn't know where I was or what to do, but then he showed up. I don't know how or why, but we met in the middle of this forest in the middle of nowhere and I couldn't have been happier.

It turned out later that he was from my school even. I never even noticed him. Well it turned out that he had on a whim, not even a reason, just felt the sudden urge to take a walk to his grandmother's house through these woods. I asked him if knew where he was headed. He looked up and said that way pointing randomly. "You just looked into the sky and pointed a random direction."

"Yeah so" He replied and started walking the way he pointed. I was afraid of being lost, but afraid of being alone even more. We walked through the forest for about an hour before we came to the end. He immediately ran to the first house and knocked. I thought he was asking for directions, but he just threw his arms around this old lady. He handed her a bag he was carrying and pointed in my direction. I waved casually. She smiled with one of those "Grandma who loves everyone" smiles and waved me over.

It turned out that his grandma lived only two blocks down from my place. I had never visited this part of town though. It was on the very edge of town and no one I knew lived this way. Well, he offered to walk me home which I kindly accepted. While we walked I learned that he spent much of his time hanging out with his friends and never really joined any of our teams. So he never got to really know many of the other kids. We walked onto my porch and thanked him for helping me.

"It was no trouble really. Hear though, if you insist on not looking up." He handed me a compass.

"Oh so this is how you knew which way you were going."

"Nope. I actually used the sun. It always rises in the east and sets in the west. Since I left my house at three in the afternoon it would have to be in the west. When you know one direction you can figure out the rest. It was an old trick my dad taught me a few years ago."

"Are you and your dad close?"

"Yeah, we have to be. My mom died last summer visiting family in

another system. The Insurrectionists set off a bomb on the ship that was taking her. I took the fall semester off to regain myself. Loss like that hurt more than most people know. I just wish it wouldn't have been her, you know." He was hurting underneath and I could tell. So I did the only thing I could and hugged him. I don't know if it was here that I realized how much I liked him or later, but now thinking back to this I forgot how hard he was going to take me leaving.

After he had time to resituate himself he kind of laughed it off and got into a better mood. It wasn't a subject I talked to him about often. My mom opened the door on us and told us that he had to leave. I had a meeting at the capital.

"We should do this again sometime. It was fun." He laughed and started down the stairs. He turned around. "Wait, I don't even know your name."

"Kyleigh"

"That's such a beautiful name. I'm Joey."

"Come on Kyleigh" Joey sprinted off leaving me with my mother and father.

Looking back on that trip I should have known something was amiss. They asked me lots of questions and made me do drills and teamwork exercises, for a seminar on anti-insurgency. It wasn't until I later learned what it was about. That was after I had been with Joey for a year. Our senior year was quite possibly the best year of my life. It was full of memories, both good and bad.

Prom was one of the only times I learned something about Joey, that he didn't tell me. He didn't know either, but he did it. After we finished the prom we went to one of those after parties. I had a few drinks and so had many of the other people there. Now Joey wasn't one of those over jealous people who fight anyone who touches me. He let me do what I wanted. Not that I wanted anything more than he could give. Perhaps that's why it was so hard for me to leave him. He was the only one who had an equal relationship with me.

He did however; get very aggressive if anyone attempted to hurt me. Perhaps it was the alcohol, or maybe I was tired, but for some reason I didn't notice that someone was leading me outside. I thought maybe Joey was taking me somewhere, but then I saw that it was one of the drunken football players, not one of the ones that are nice. (Yes, there are some very considerate football players out there.)

"I can't believe you would date that nerd over me. What does he have that I don't? I don't care. I'm going to show you a real man." I started to fight him and normally I probably could have beaten him, but the alcohol was affecting my reaction time. "Your struggling only makes it worse."

"Yes and your continued hold on her is only making it worse for you." Joey stood at the doorway. Now like any classic bully this big guy had two other guys backing him up.

"My friends here disagree." The two large guys walked toward Joe obviously over confident. Joey was not a big guy, but he had one

thing going for him. He made the choice to never drink. He sprinted into the first one knocking him to the ground. The other had barely time to comprehend the attack before. Joe kicked him in the groin. As the larger man doubled over in pain Joe grabbed his head and kneed him in the face. There was a distinct crack as the man's face folded in.

Joey only had the other one to deal with, who was having a hard enough time getting up. He walked over to the wallowing blub and shoved him into the pool. Now Joe was advancing with purpose toward me and the Football player. He pushed me out of the way and drew a knife. In the classic I don't have the guts to fight unless I know I'll win. He started to jab at Joey with the weapon as Joey backed up. Eventually Mr. Football started speeding up after him. I don't know to this day how he did it, whether it was adrenaline or he just knew how to fight, he never told me.

Football lunged forward except this time Joey moved to the side instead of back. He grabbed the man's arm and bent in toward him, as he stuck his leg out and tripped him. Football fell on the blade impaling him. Joey took my arm and led me away from the scene. We rode home in silence. I was tired to say anything and he didn't feel like talking. On the way home I passed out from the alcohol and at how late it was.

I woke up later in my bed. I heard voices downstairs. One was my dad's the other was Joey's. They were laughing about something. Normally this wouldn't be surprising except for the fact that my dad already hated Joe and he brought me home passed out. I walked in to see the two of them with glasses of what I guessed was Coke.

"It's alive." My dad joked. I just stood there dumbstruck. I had expected several reprimandings, but he was just cracking jokes. "I can tell that you were expecting some sort of punishment. I can give you one if you want it, but that's up to you."

"No I'm fine."

"That's what I thought. Joey here tells me you went to a party and had perhaps one too many. So was it fun?"

"Yeah we had a great time. I mean up until the end."

"Yes, Joseph had already told me about the last leg of your journey." I could tell that he struggled with the idea that his daughter almost got hurt. I decided that was a subject to avoid. My dad stopped the questions there and decided it would be best that we watched a movie together. He even let me snuggle up to Joey. Something he never let anyone do.

Now the events that occurred after that can only be described as heart-wrenchingly painful. The only good thing that happened was that Dad used his influence in with the higher ups to keep Joey from getting arrested. I was very thankful to Dad for that. He thought it was the least he could do for someone who protected his daughter.

Then everything fell apart. Joey and I came home one day from a movie. My dad came out to the door with a shot gun. He pointed it a Joey and told him to leave. Now Joey wasn't sure what my dad was

doing so he put himself between me and my dad. Then he noticed the tears rolling down my dad's cheeks. Joey let me go and told me to call if I needed anything. My dad took me inside and there were two men in military dress standing in our living room.

"It's time we go."

"What are you talking about?"

"You've been drafted as part of a secret military program."

"Dad, why don't you stop them?" I cried. Then I noticed the other two men behind my dad.

"We're going to take you away, but first we need you to cut all ties you have with this area. It's been decided that your dad let you go on a trip to Earth where you get kidnapped. Everyone is going to think none the other. If you have someone who might chase you, you need to make sure they don't follow us, or we will kill him." I knew he was talking about Joey after he put the extended stress on the word him. That's what got us to where we are here today.

I suddenly felt the urge to go confess to Joey, to tell him everything was alright, but I couldn't. I knew I'd lose him again, and the further I distanced myself from him the easier it would be on him. The following days I stayed with the other Spartans. I started working out from six till eleven, then weapon check from one till three, and then recreation from six till nine. I managed to fill most of my day this way. Meals were awkward as I forced myself to avoid him even though I stole glances his way every now and then.

It was an agonizing trip I just hoped that we could land and go our separate ways. If only fate had been so kind. We reached Reach in five days, exactly on schedule. We were docked for examination in docking bay 162. We gathered all of our equipment and met the colonel at the hangar.

"Reporting for duty, sir." Sarah was always one to take charge and she always looked that way too. Her short blonde hair and menacing blue eyes made it difficult for anyone to ignore her. That and her leadership and team working ability made her perfectly suited as our team leader. She was the eldest of us at twenty-three. She had been in college when they had gotten her.

"Good to see you on time Spartans. Now if only the ODSTs were as disciplined."

"Sir, we are headed to the Spartan III training base. They can get their own ride."

"Yes, but it's more economical to use one Pelican than two."

"Yes, sir, but it's faster if we take two."

"Why? I pretty sure unless the pilots get into a race the speed will be the same."

"Oh are they on the way to the base."

"No, they're going to the base." Now I spoke up.

"Sir, why are we bringing three privates to a secret operations base, where almost all of our military strategies are tested and perfected?"

"I was thinking the same thing, but ONI insisted that they come along with you. I guess that they need the ODST and his team to learn new techniques to deploy into the field."

"I guess that makes sense, but I would be wary about them"

"Wary about who?" Of course it was him. Why could I have expected any differently?

"We were just talking about how you guys would be joining us for a little while longer. You have some training that ONI wants you at our base for."

"Hey it's almost like we're becoming a little family." Sarah laughed with the other Spartans. It bugged me that they could all enjoy this so much. I guess they didn't have the same ideas going on in their heads. Joey climbed into the Pelican first and helped everyone load their stuff into the Pelican. The other ODSTs climbed in after and sat, followed by the colonel and finally, us Spartans.

The pilot expertly took off and exited the hangar without throwing us around. The ODSTs were talking about the view while looking out onto the passing landscape. I couldn't blame them the natural planetary surface was amazing. I heard Joey talking about the natural curves and mound. The rolling hills matched perfectly with the rest of the landscape. "You're right they are quite amazing."

The ODSTs burst into laughter, along with the colonel. The other Spartans seemed to get it before I did. I was slightly embarrassed from not knowing what they were talking about. I looked at Joey who was still looking in my direction, with a very focused and deliberate stare. Then I suddenly understood what everyone was laughing about.

I reached around the colonel and punch him in the arm. "Oww. That's not very nice you know."

"Well neither are you so we're even."

"No. We aren't, because I have no idea why you're mad at me."

"Joey you just commented on her looks what did you expect?" Jim poked playfully. I knew what he meant though and it crushed me. This whole time Joey thought that it was his fault that I left.

"Joey it's not your fault. There were just complications that made it so that it wouldn't work out. I never meant to hurt you." I guess Joey had already found me so telling him the truth wasn't going to hurt him anymore. "They threatened your life if I told you. I had to break it off so you wouldn't get hurt. I just wanted you to have a normal life."

"Normal. I had anything but. My dad was angry that I spent so much with you. I had nowhere to go and no one was there for me. I went in and out of depression for over a year, before I joined the ODSTs."

Don't tell me I had a normal life. Now when you were finally out of my life you show up here of all places." I watched him break as it finally struck him that it wasn't because of either of us that we weren't together. He finally understood and he broke under the realization.

I didn't plan for any of this to happen and if I had I would be a cruel person. I do believe that his newfound understanding made him just a little bit less distressed. In fact I was ninety percent sure that half of his tears were of relief and not sadness. Everyone else in the troop bay was utterly dumbstruck by the interchange. It had turned from a joyous ride into a turbulent tailspin of hidden emotion.

All the other Spartans had just told their parents they were leaving and walked out. They didn't have someone they cared about so strongly, so they had no idea what Joey and I had been through. "So, you and the private here were intimate." Sarah was very interested to hear about what had happened. I glanced over. The colonel was sitting perfectly calm. I guess that's what it takes to be a leader. Strong will in difficult situations.

"You could say that. We were definitely very close."

"So what happened?" Sarah may have been a good leader, but she wasn't as good at reading emotions.

"She came to me one day and said it was over. The next day she disappeared without a trace. Her family left too. I believe from what I know now is that she was forced to do it by ONI operatives. That explains why your dad had a shotgun. Then I believe they told you if you didn't they would kill me because I would be a liability." Joey said answer her question with a question to me.

"Yes. That's exactly what happened." He leaned back in his seat sighing.

"I think we should just relax until we get to base." Everyone agreed that it was the best course of action. I believe that half the team fell asleep for at least an hour. Even the colonel dozed for a little bit. Joey just stared at his hands for hours. I wanted to tell him that it was alright and that I still loved him, but the words caught and I lost my voice. It was like being trapped in a cage and watching the world pass you by and not being able to do anything about it.

We got back "home" in just over two hours. We hopped out first scanning the area for any threats. Then we helped the colonel down. The ODSTs tossed us our stuff and then hopped down to join us. We were greeted by three transport hogs. One took the colonel, another took the ODSTs, and the last took us.

The hog wasn't exactly in the best shape, but it managed to get us back to base. I wondered what they did with the ODSTs. I believed that they had a separate training facility, but I couldn't be certain. As we pulled up our mentor and friend Dr. Marshall Wallace walked out of his building.

"Ahhh. My Spartans, so happy you could make it. I trust everything turned out ok. Lucas you look like you've been working out." The doctor did always have a way of downplaying the seriousness of our

work. We all removed are helmets, Doctor's orders.

S- 169, Lucas was a large man. He was well built like most Spartans except he concentrated on working as much as he could to improve his strength. The doctor took every opportunity to praise him on that. His short brown hair and dark green eyes complimented his tanned features. Originally his family came from Italy, but along the way he had gotten parts of French and German mixed in, and it definitely showed, in a good way.

"Thank you for noticing doctor. It seems that some others don't notice as much as you do." Lucas pointed at the rest of us. This kind of humor was common in our squad, since humor was hard to find in our field of work anyway.

"Sarah you have been keeping your squad in top shape I presume. They haven't been killed yet. That's a good sign."

"I'm trying my best sir, but it seems like their trying just as hard to get killed."

"Too true. Matt. You seem a little shaky. What's the matter?"

"Nothing sir. I just had too short of a sleep and drank too much coffee." S-143 Matt was always the one who never had enough sleep. We never knew what he did, but never got enough sleep. Perhaps it was his childish features and demeanor. After all the kid was only sixteen. His blonde hair shown in the sun along with his deep blue eyes his white complexion only furthered his stunning look. He walked past the doctor and straight to the barracks.

That only left Brian. S-202, Brian was a quiet one too. He didn't talk a lot, but when he got started it was hard to stop him. He had sparkling green eyes with dirty blonde hair. He wasn't any overly impressive soldier, but he could take a pop can out of your hands as two kilometers. It was definitely a frightening world with him.

"So Brian how's your shooting going son?" The doc asked him.

"Great. We had a little bit of a tussle with one of the Innie generals, but I was shooting pretty well. They're just lucky that I didn't have my sniper or there wouldn't have been anybody left."

"Alright Brian. You guys go ahead I'll meet you inside in a few minutes." He walked us to the door. "Not you. We have to talk first." He told me as he let Sarah (S-100) in and shut the door. "So I've heard it coming around that the new ODST is giving you quite a hassle. Do you want to tell me about it or would you rather have me look it up later?" The Doc was always good at getting you to talk to him. He always said that when you walked about something it was easier than keeping it in the shadows.

"He just brings up issues in my past that make me feel a bit uncomfortable." I told him skirting the edge of his question.

"What are the issues that make you uncomfortable? Perhaps we should address those, before we address the fact that he is causing problems? Was he a lover or a relative, perhaps a stalker?"

"He was a really close friend."

"So a lover then." The doc was never very good at making things easy for you. He called them as he saw them and we found out very early that the truth can hurt sometimes.

"No doc we never did anything."

"That's not what I said, did I? I asked if he was a lover. Did you love him, and did he love you?" There it was the dreaded question. Did he ever really love me, did I love him? Yes a thousand times, yes, but I couldn't let the doc know that.

"He was!"

"You can tell me anything Kyleigh. Patient Doctor Confidentiality." Marshall was always good at making you come clean. Of course he wasn't actually a medical doctor so there was nothing preventing him from telling anyone anything. Sometimes you just needed someone to trust. I think that's what made me really love Joey. I could put down my walls and he would be there when I was weak.

"Yes, if you want to use your definition. We were lovers for several years."

"Why did you end it then?" The Dr. Wallace was a brilliant man, but sometimes things slipped his mind and when he realized his mistake he ate his words. "I'm sorry I!"

"It's ok doc. There's nothing you could have done about it."

"I know, but at least you could have someone to talk to. I want you to know that you're not alone in this."

"I know, but the thing that kills me the most was that he was." I should have never gone to that stupid convention.

"Actually it was partially my fault you came here. If I had only known I would have done something. I was actually your substitute science teacher from your senior year. When we had the blood drive and I worked it. I took your blood sample to the lab to make sure everything would work out ok. All of you were preselected and screened based on academics and physical abilities, followed by examination of the blood to make sure your bodies could handle augmentation. You were the last of a group of several hundred."

"So you basically had no other options either."

"Pretty much."

"This whole time I thought my dad had used his influence to get me into the program."

"Just the opposite dear. He tried with all he had to keep you out of our experiment. If ONI hadn't gotten a hold of this project you would probably have been fine, but ONI is a bunch of stubborn assholes. Your dad didn't have any say in the matter after that. They made sure that you were here and you were the one that was taken. Now however, we are back under orders from the UNSC. So hopefully we won't have

anything stupid happen." We walked into the training room and joined the rest of our team.

Our daily session didn't last very long. We talked about what was happening and our next deployment, but other than that we had nothing to do. Later we went out for some training exercises. Nothing was really important except that we maintain our mental and physical abilities between deployments.

That first month actually was one of the most boring we had on the base. After finishing our program it just never had the same appeal or feel to it. Sure we had training exercise versus some of the trainers, but we never lost. In fact we had ourselves down to zero casualties on thirty straight games, even games where they got to come back after they were shot. They made it headshots only for a certain game we almost lost Matt in that one, except it was his fault anyway.

We spent most of the day in our barracks talking, or at the firing range. Only one day did we get to visit the ODSTs. It was the Reach v Earth football game. Joey and I sat next to each other and talked, but it wasn't like before. I still enjoyed talking to him. He made me laugh all the same. At one point when Earth scored he stood up and yelled with Lucas. "Suck on that." When it was all over the Earth had crushed Reach the points being 35 to 7. A final score of 5 to 1. Lucas was remorseless too. He beat on the other ODSTs for the rest of the night.

That was the last time we saw the ODSTs. Until our activity we had the other day. The higher ups decided that the ODSTs had reached a point where they could probably beat the Spartans, with the help of the instructors of course. Same rules as before except the ODSTs were trying to capture the flag. We set up a defensive perimeter around their makeshift control room. We waited for the other team to come to us, much as we always did. Outside we heard several soldiers stacking up outside. We opened the door and shot them down. They were all killed in that specific engagement. We waited for seemingly an hour and no one came to us. We remained waiting as several times the instructors had tried this technique.

"Someone should check outside." Sarah pointed at me. "Look out the window and see anyone is headed our way." Even though I knew our specialized bullets couldn't penetrate the glass I was still scared to peer out. Unfortunately, when I did I saw the most disturbing sight.

"Umm guys, they have our flag."

"No way." Everyone got up and looked out the window. Just as I told them Joey stood with the red flag in his hand waving it at us. "Damn it. We haven't lost in forever." We walked out.

"How in the hell did you guys get in there without us knowing?" Sarah asked as confused as the rest of us were.

Joey smiled a devilish smile and raised his gun. "We didn't" The three ODSTs let a torrent of gunfire, cutting us down. We all lay helpless on the ground as they walked over us into the base and took the flag. Joey walked over to where we were laying. "Perhaps you guys should make sure that you've lost before you give up. It's not about

what you actually have. It's about making the other side thinks that you have it and that they are already beaten." He looked straight at me. "Stay beautiful." He laughed as the ODSTs walked off to go celebrate their triumph.

When we were "revived" we resolved to never under estimate what they would do again. It didn't take long for the rematch either. We trained on overtime for a week improving our physical and mental preparation. We made sure that we would be ready for any strategy that the ODSTs could throw at us. This time both teams would have a flag. First team to get the other's flag back to their side won.

We figured that we were more prepared any ready for anything they threw at us. Sarah had Brain sit on top of our base and watch the battlefield taking out anyone that he saw moving. He got a few clueless instructors trying to sneak up on us. Half on the right, half on the left. I seemed like the ODSTS were testing out our defenses, before attempting to attack the base.

After a while Brian radioed down. "Nope no one is approaching, why?"

"I don't know Brian, I didn't ask you."

"I know; we were just messing with him. He's dead now. The rest of you are probably going to be next."

"He's definitely trying to get in our heads. Kyleigh go back and make sure out flag is still there, I don't want him trying anything again." I walked back to the control room where the flag still laid undisturbed.

"Kyleigh. Your squad leader just saved your life, too bad it's only temporary." I heard through my helmet. They got Sarah and were using her helmet mic to talk to me. I did the only thing that came to my mind. I grabbed the flag and did exactly as Joey had. I ran to the incinerator, but just before I got there ran into something. My helmet got removed and a hand covered my mouth.

"Hi there beautiful glad you came by. I'll just be taking that and you. He took the flag and stuck it in his backpack. Then he tied me to a rope which they used to pull me out of the hole they had silently drilled in the roof. They lowered another one for Joey and pulled him out quickly.

"Good job Jim she totally thought that she was the last one left." Joey took my helmet. "Wow I can't believe you let us take your Spartan and you flag. Now that we made it out of your base it's an easy jog into ours. Sarah and the others quickly sprinted out of the door after where they assumed Joey was taking me and the flag back to the base. The ODSTs pulled out their silenced SMGs and shot the Spartans running in the open. Sarah managed to avoid getting hit, but couldn't find where the shot were coming from and hid be him a box where we had a good look at her.

Joey took Brian's rifle an in spite shot out leader in the head. He handed the flag to Jim and Terrence. They slid down the side of the building and sprinted to the other side to claim victory. Joey untied me and jumped down after his friends. I wasn't in the happiest mood knowing we didn't win. I ran down after him and took his pistol and

shot him in the side. He rolled over and lay motionless.

"Maybe next time you'll think before you let one of your enemies go." I taunted while straddling him. I leaned down and whispered in his ear. "The good lucking ones are always the worst." I looked him in eyes, wishing that we didn't have to be on separated and on the same side.

"They also have trouble determining that the handsome guy on the other side is just as sneaky." He grabbed the back of my head and brought me down to him and he kissed me for the first time in years. For a single moment it all rushed back. The late nights, the games, and the love. Then when I didn't return the kiss he pulled away and everything left as fast as it came. The emptiness was an unwanted feeling and I knew that for worse or better I wasn't letting go again. I pulled him back to me and kissed him. His sweet lips touching mine, I only wished that we could be that way forever. We played with each other much like when we were dating. I played with his hair while he gently brushed his hands along my arms.

The tingling rose up from deep inside a feeling that I lost when I lost him. I knew that he had planned all along to get me alone with him. He just wanted to know if the only thing that came between us was ONI and that I still loved him. He stared into my eyes as we broke apart. I could still feel his warmth as we he left this time. This time it was real and we had not a care in the world.

"Go Joe." Terrence said clapping. Jim started whistling. Joey just looked at me and we shared a moment of laughter. Sarah and Matt just laughed at the two ODSTs, but Lucas and Brian couldn't resist joining in.

"Thank you, thank you. We'll be here all week." Joey joked as he nuzzled against my neck. Doctor Wallace entered with several other soldiers. They walked into the simulation area and everyone else took a step back. "Perhaps I spoke too soon." They separated us and I was taken into the interrogation room. Dr. Wallace walked in quietly and shut the door behind him.

"Don't worry I'm just going to ask you a few simple questions. Answer them fully to the best of your ability. How would describe the feeling you just experienced?"

"What?"

"When you were kissing this man, how did you feel?"

"Are you serious?"

"Of course I am. I do everything scientifically. Now please answer the question."

"If I have to. I guess it was a tingling a warming feeling emanating in the pit of the stomach. The warm flow of happy memories between the two of us."

"I see, very interesting. How do you feel about this man?"

"I already told you this doc."

"Oh yes of course. Would you sacrifice your life for this man here?"

"In a heartbeat."

"If your love would kill this man would you deny it? If it cost him his life?"

"Yes."

"One final question. How powerful do you think the connection is between you and Joseph?"

"Strong enough that we would kiss even though we knew it would have serious repercussions."

"Good." The doctor turned and looked into the one way mirror. He nodded although he and the person or people there knew what he was thinking. Doc got up and left me alone in the interrogation room.

What was happening to Joey? I could only imagine them torturing him and beating anything he knew out of him before killing him. That image played over and over in my head. I laid my head down and cried at the idea that they were hurting him.

Authors note: Dun Dun DUN! Read and review. I'll catch you guys star side.

End  
file.